One Snowshoe presents

The Witches of the Forest of Solitude

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孤独の森の魔女
the Witches Love with the Eyes

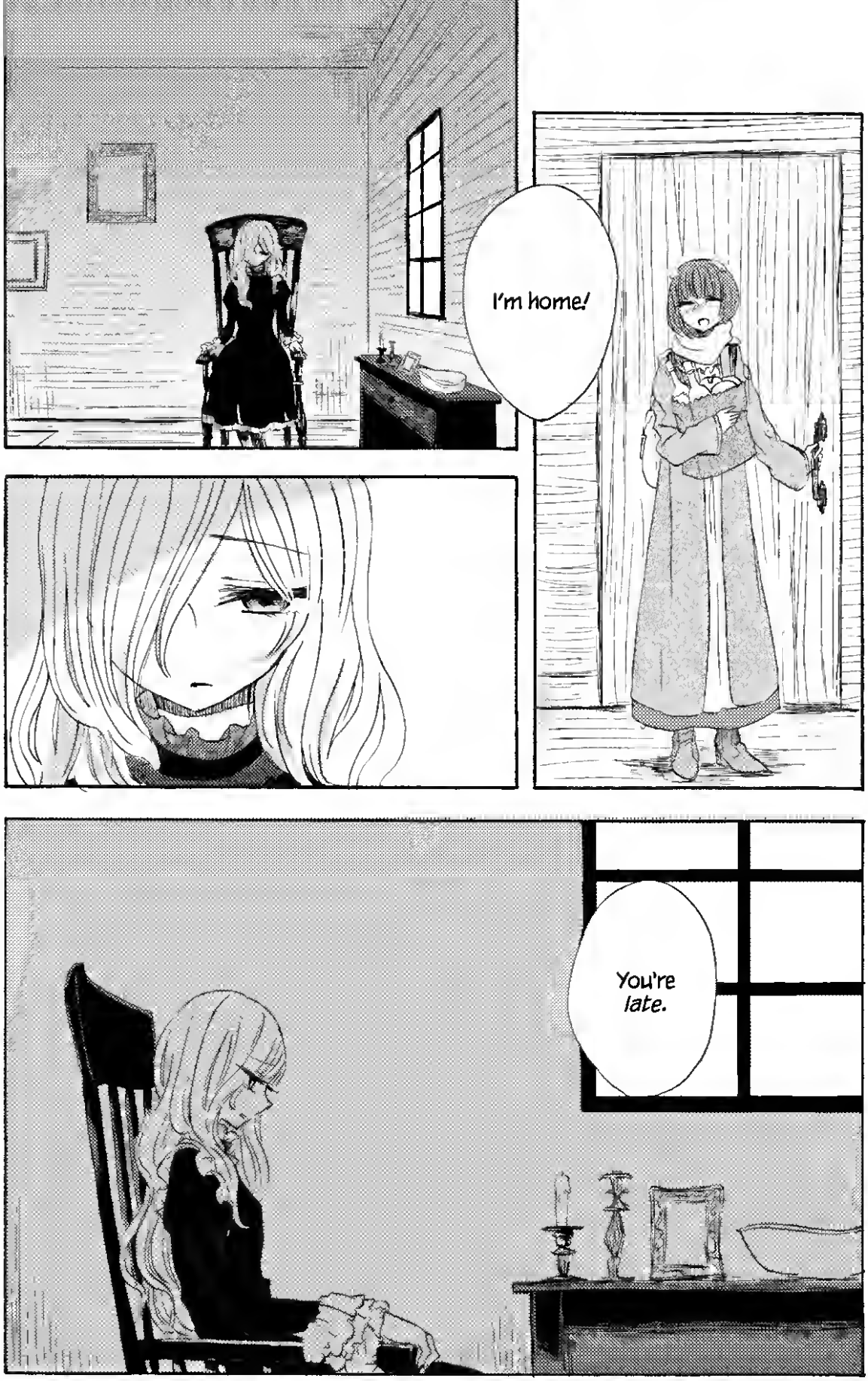
The Witches of the Forest of Solitude

孤独の森の魔女

孤独の森の魔女

Far to the east,
Snow falls endlessly in the Forest of Solitude.
The brook that should imbue it with life is frozen solid.
The trees in this forest will never bud, nor flower, nor bear fruit again.

The forest permits no life
The only things to be found within
are dead trees and thick drifts of snow
At the lonely center of this lonely forest
Sits a small cabin for two

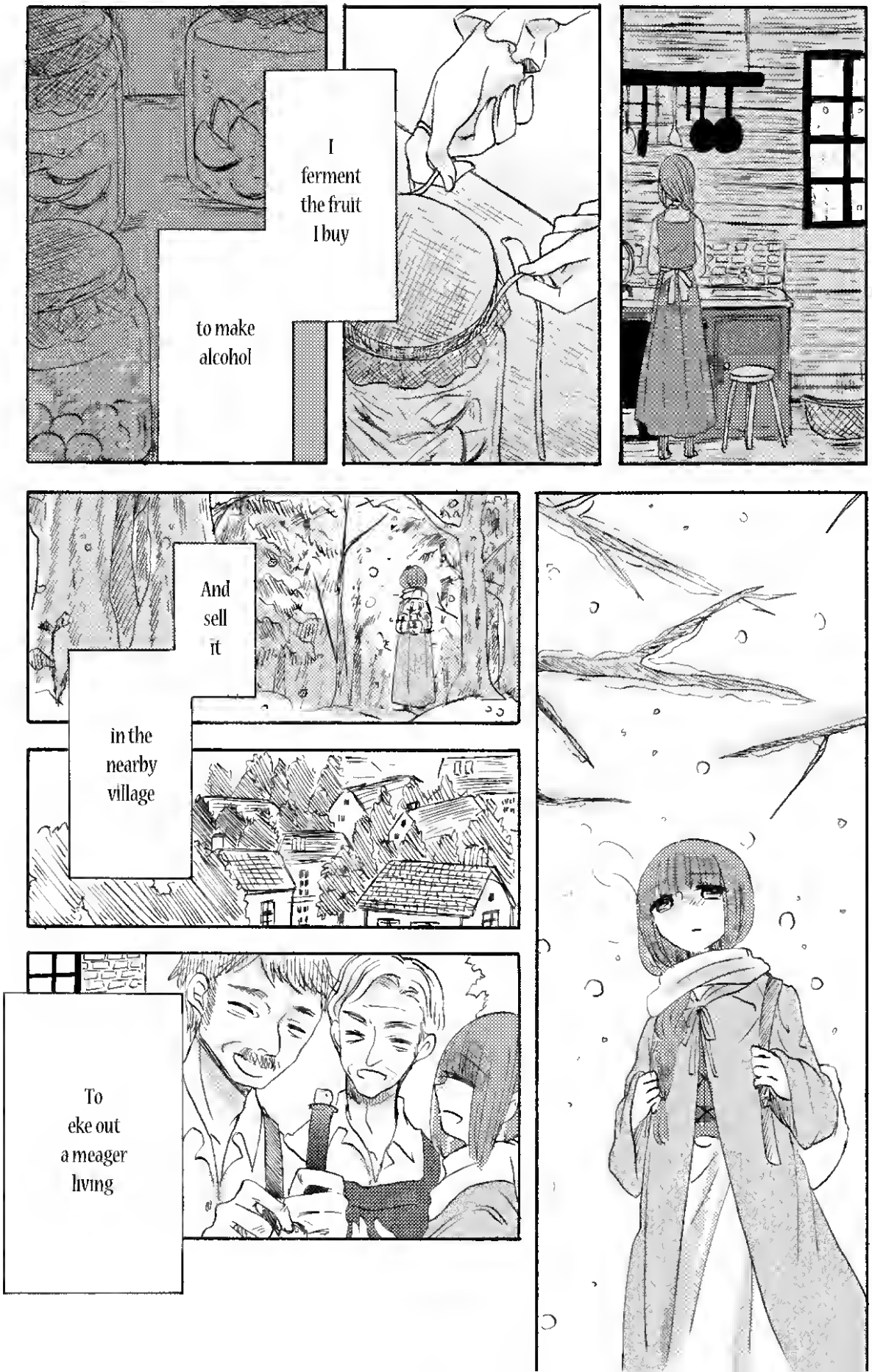

I'm home!
You're *late.*

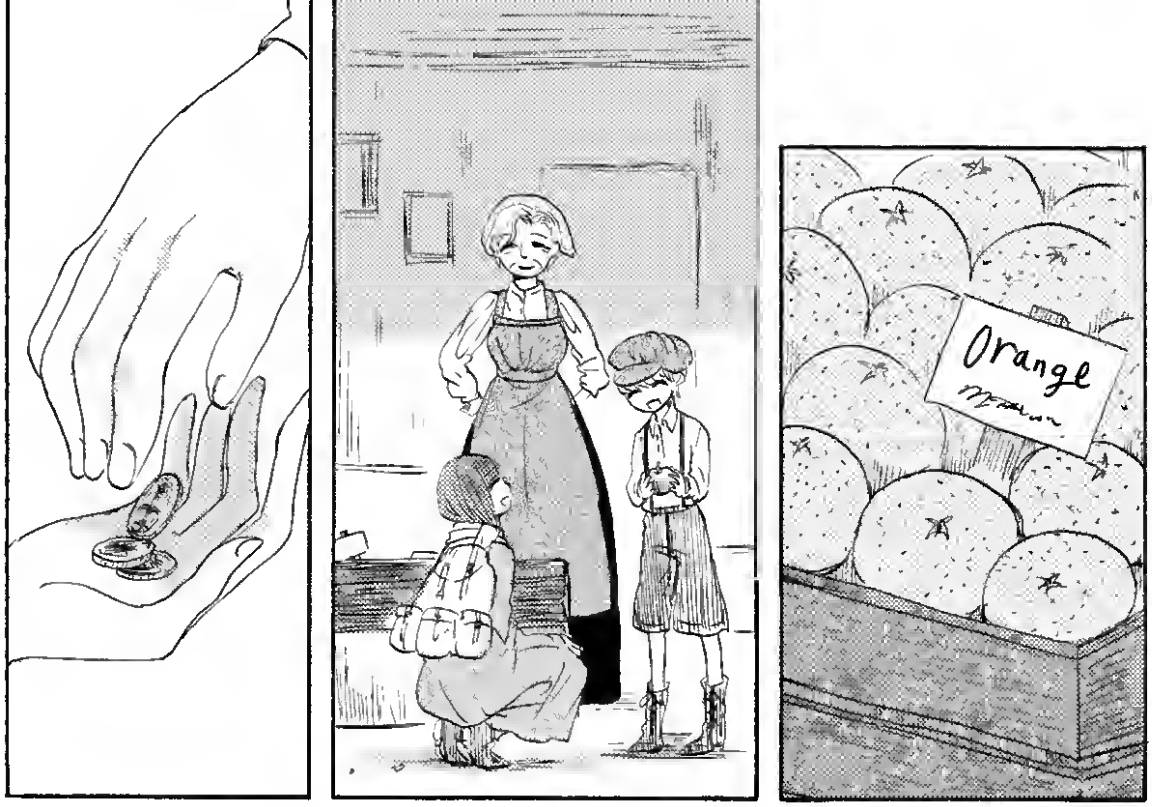
She really can talk.
The lady at the fruit store got me all wrapped up in this story of hers.
Sorry about that.
There's no need for you to go outside.
Why not just stay here forever?

So you were crying again?
You little crybaby.
Witches cannot die.
I don't want any.
Keep saying that and I won't wake you up if you fall asleep.
But if they do not consume non-magical sustenance,
They will fall
Into a deep, deep slumber

Nothing I can do about it.
That's the cold for you.
Your hands are all chapped.
Here you go.
Eat up.

My frost-bitten fingertips
were healed with the slightest touch of the witch's saliva.
The steady flow of the witch's tears
Brings endless snow to the Forest of Solitude.

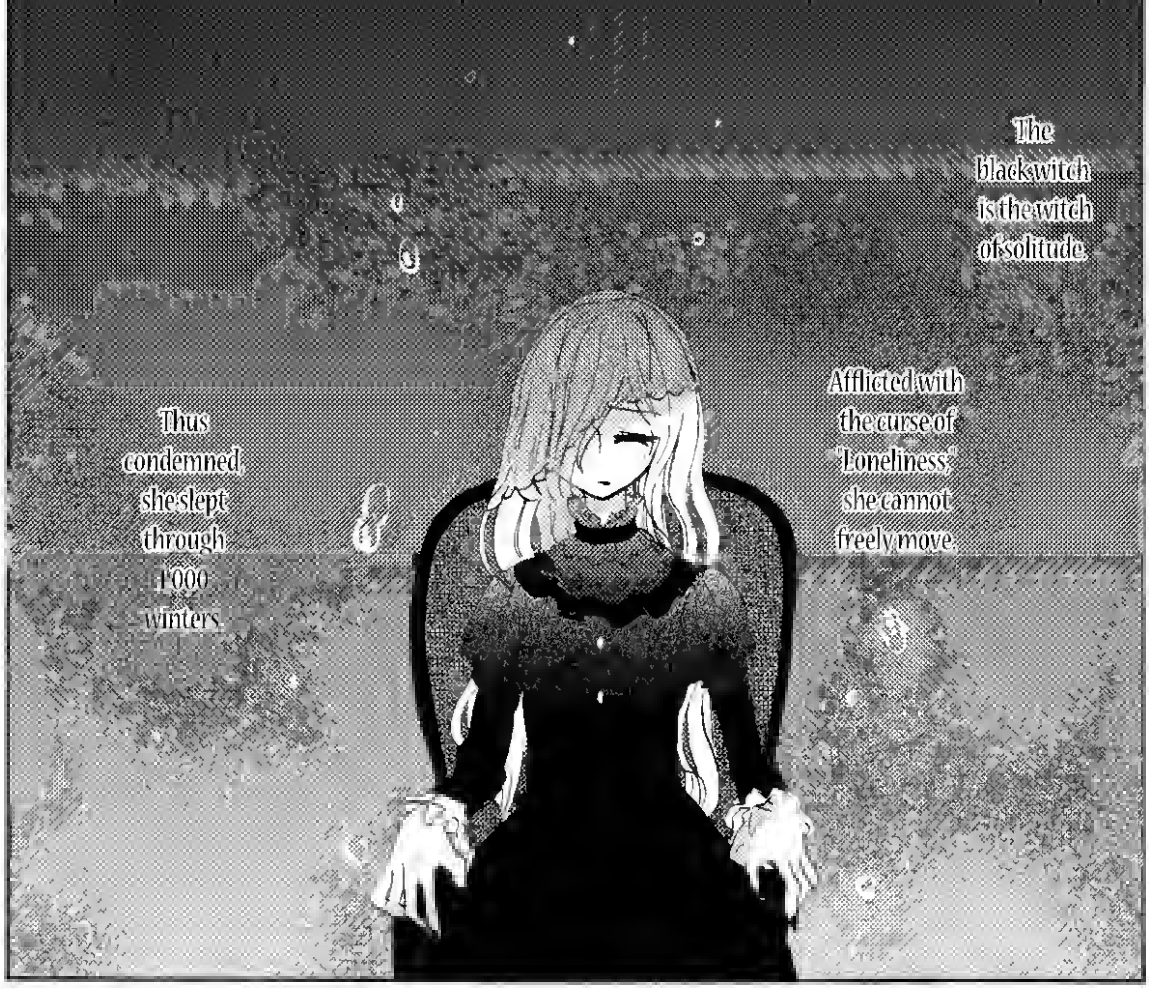

I ferment the fruit I buy
to make alcohol
And sell it
in the nearby village
To eke out a meager living


Orange

The village is tranquil
You always look so young.

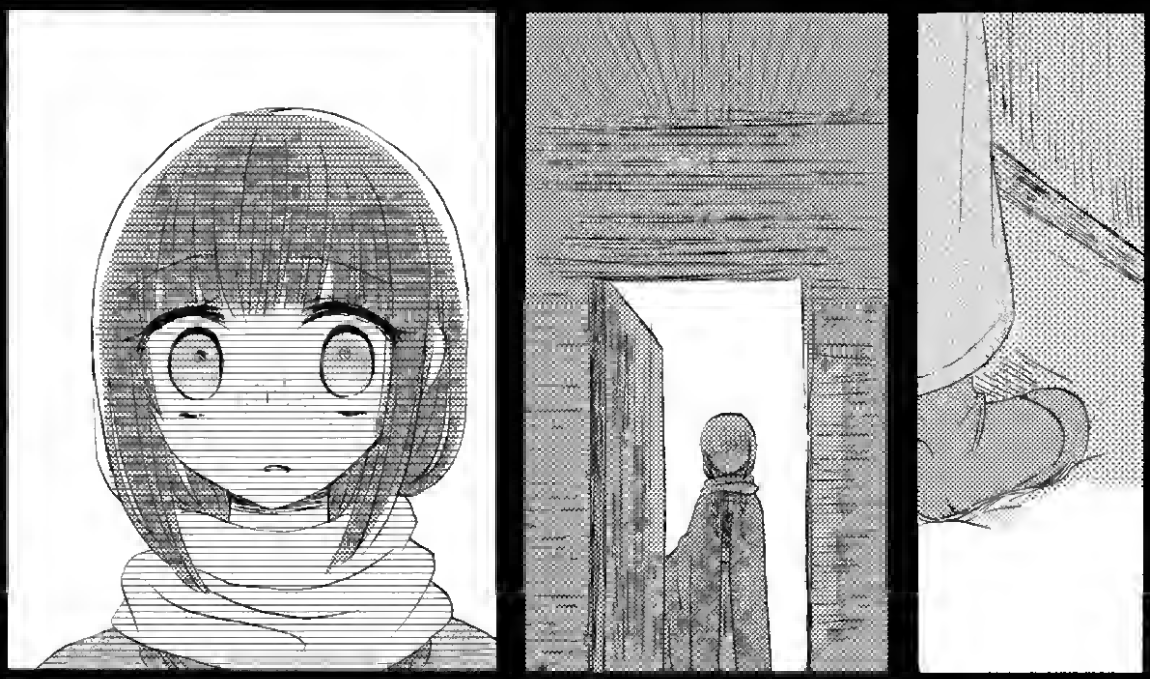
You just have to tell me your secret.
It's all thanks to your tasty fruit.
And its people are kind

They pass their time
Drinking and singing merrily
I love this quaint, charming, quiet little village


The black witch is the witch of solitude.
Afflicted with the curse of "Loneliness" she cannot freely move.
Thus condemned, she slept through 1'000 winters.

I found myself lost in a thick, snowy forest.

Lost in a forest no one should have been able to enter.

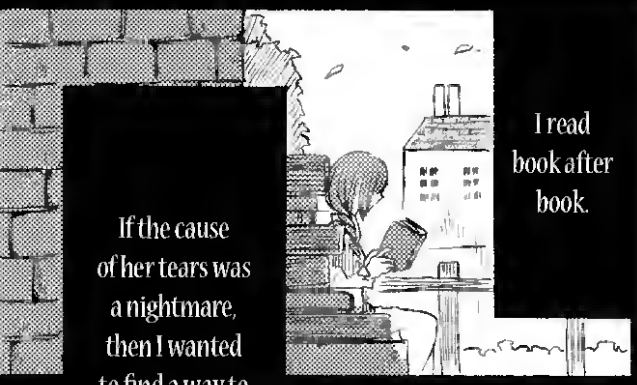


When I gave my account, they told me that such a forest didn't even exist. No one would believe me

I felt as though I had seeen something I shouldn't have and fled the forest

I returned to the forest again, and again, and again

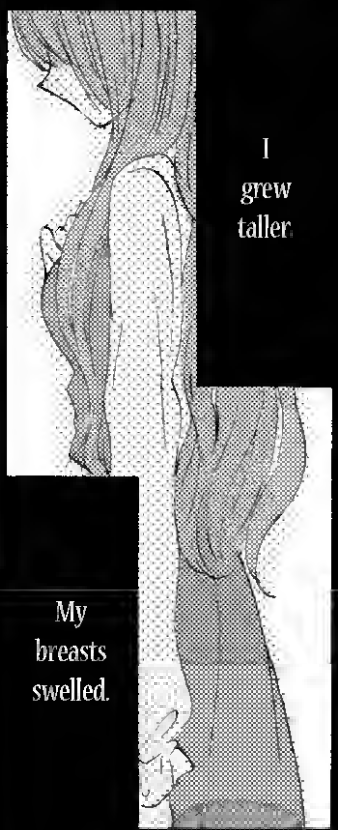
To be certain that what I had seen was not just a dream,



If the cause of her tears was a nightmare, then I wanted to find a way to wake her up

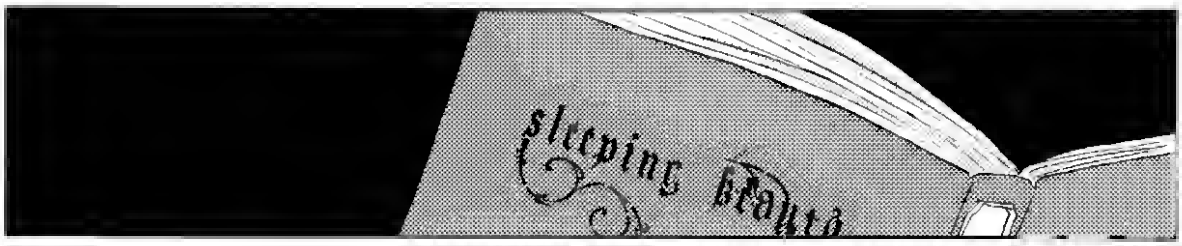
I read book after book.

But through all that time, her appearance never changed in the slightest. At some point, the fear that I felt on first seeing her had wholly vanished. As I gazed upon her tear-strewn face, I was assailed by an unknowable sadness.

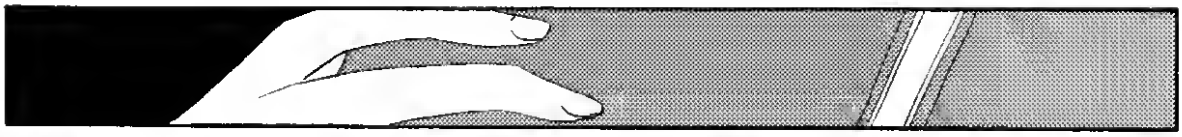


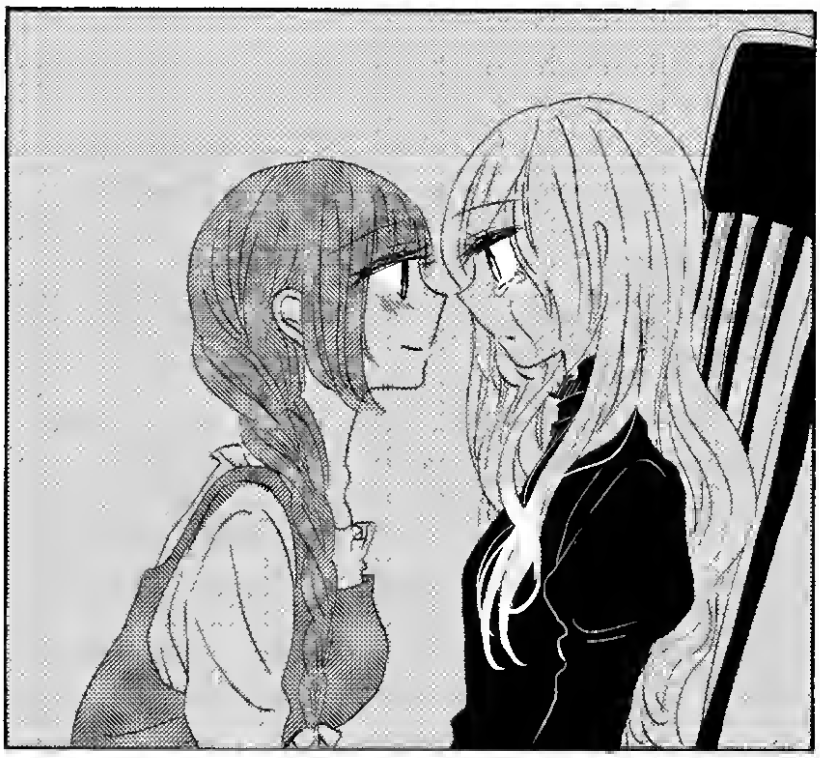
I grew taller.

My breasts swelled.



And then I found it

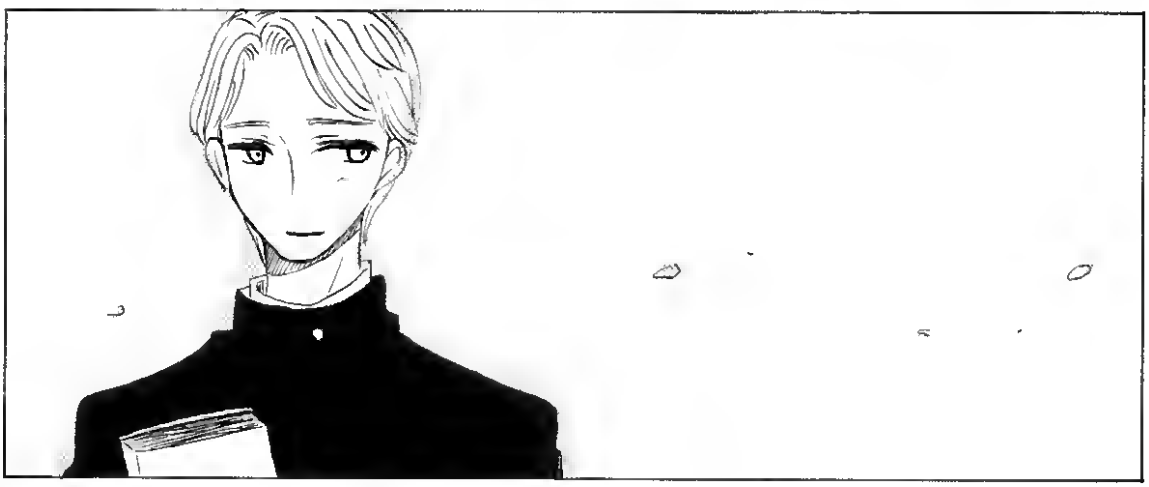




Thus, the witch of loneliness awoke Thus, I ceased to be human

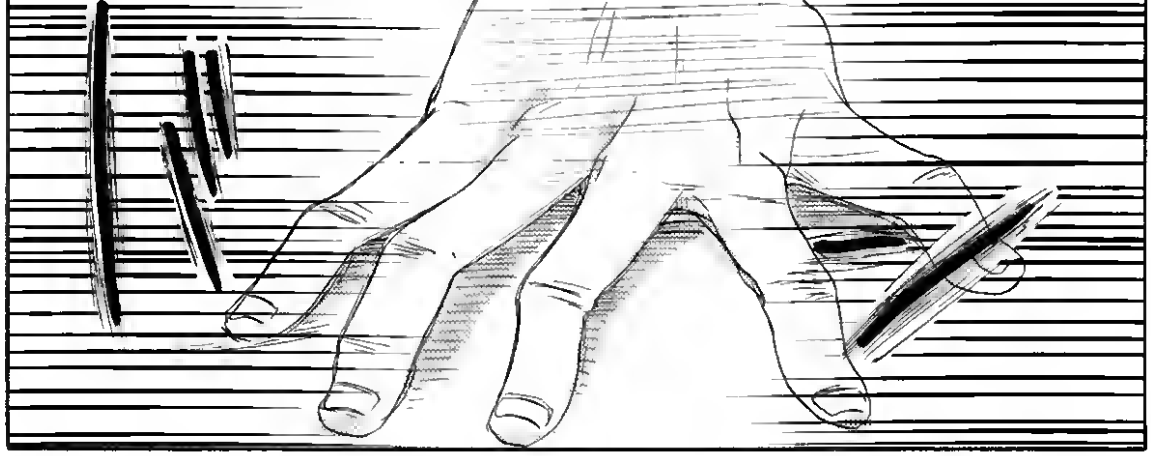
After that day, I did not return to my home-town for many decades.
My parents, my friends, the man whom I loved, they all left this world before me, left me behind.
Day after day, the nearby village aged.
You're always so young.
It's not natural.

In a town at the foot of the mountain lived a young girl who sold flowers

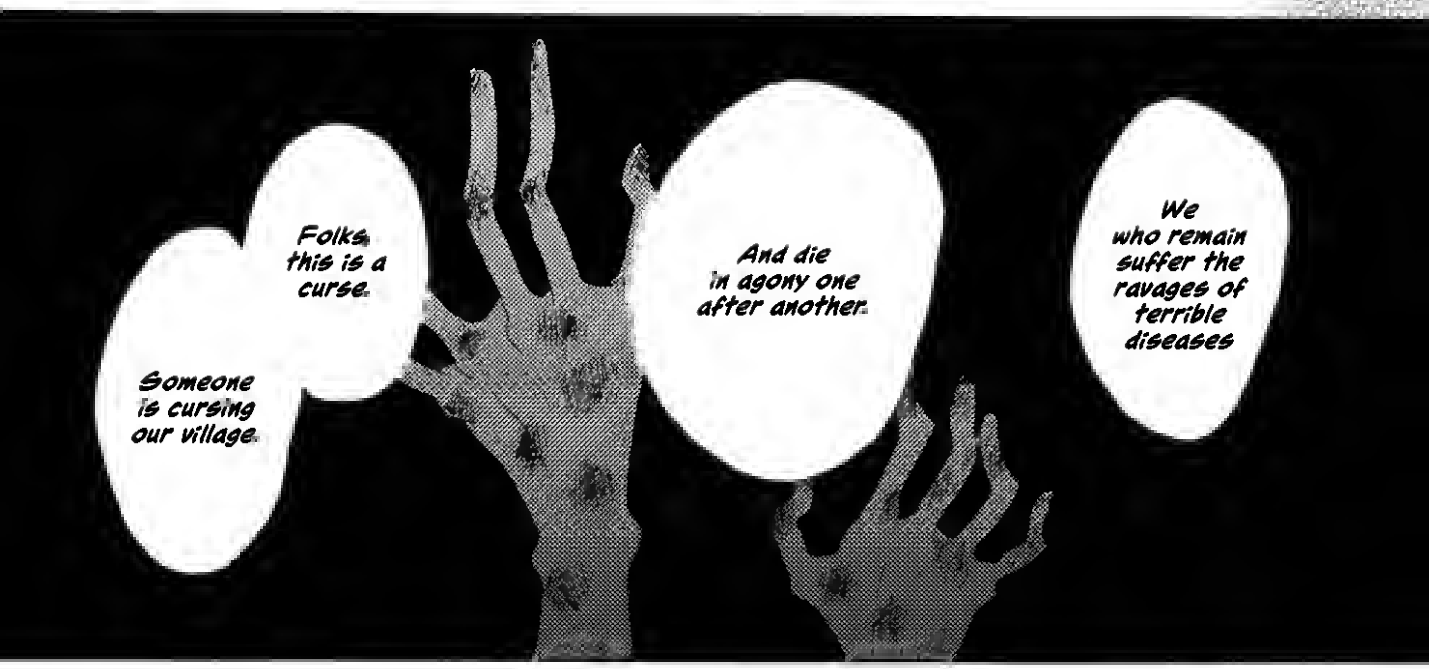


They accused her
Of tempting the town's priest and put her to death
The infernal flames of inquisition
Soon reached our village

I'm back.
Welcome home.
How is the village?
.....
Same old, same old. Everybody's so carefree.
But I was lying to her
I couldn't bear to bring her any more sadness

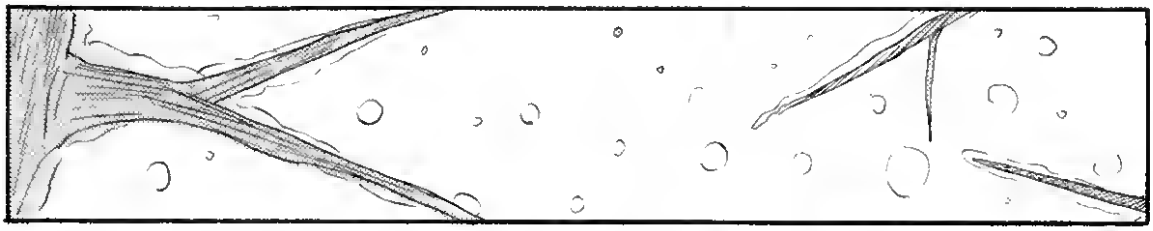


Something is wrong in this village.
All our young folk have left us.


We who remain suffer the ravages of terrible diseases
And die in agony one after another.
Folks, this is a curse.
Someone is cursing our village.

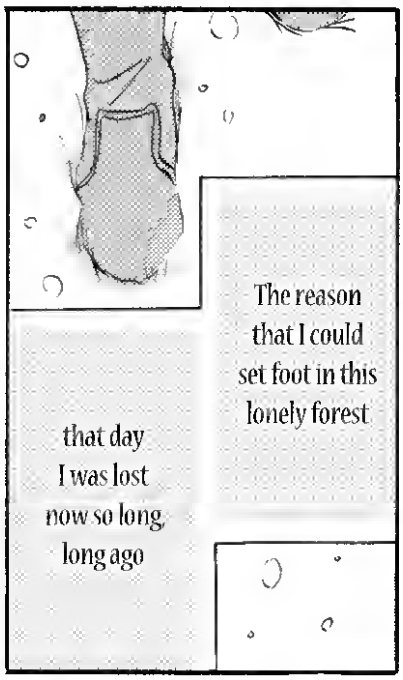
BRO-
THERS!
SIS-
TERS!
NOW
IS THE
TIME TO
FIGHT!
オオオオオオオオ
LET
US TAKE
THE IRON
HAMMER
OF OUR
WRATH
TO
THOSE
WHO HAVE
ROBBED
US OF
PEACE!!

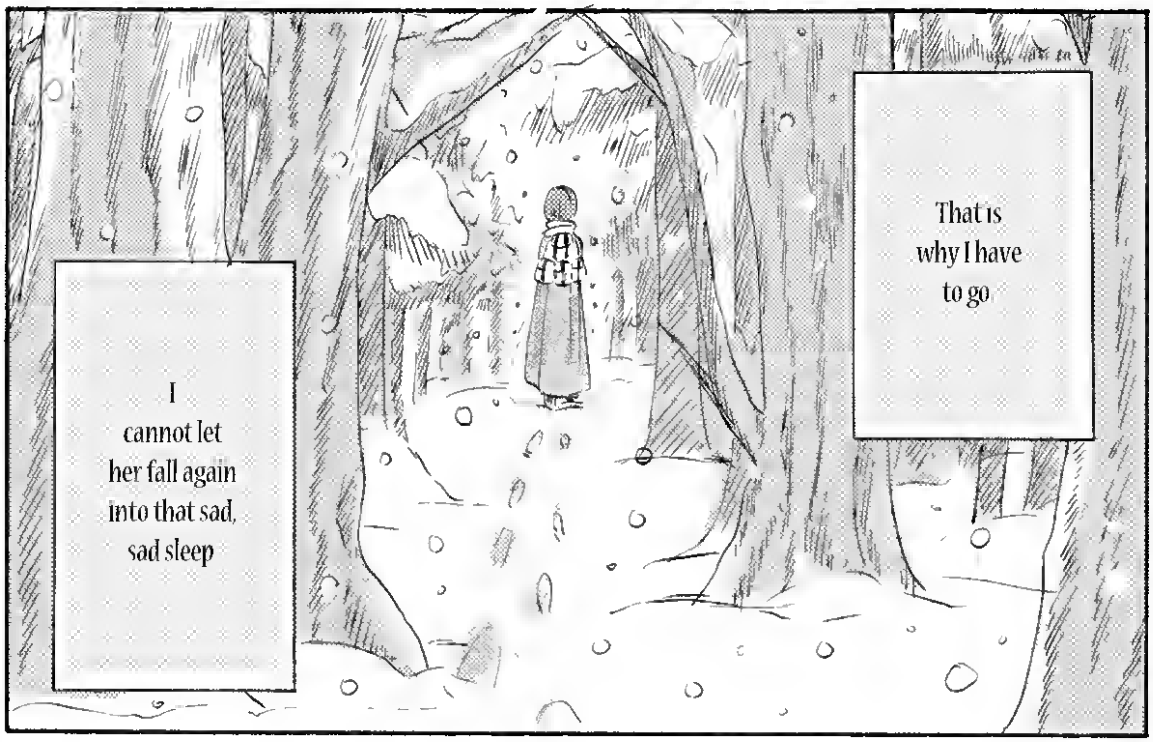
Pretty soon,
We'll be all out of food.
I don't care!
I don't care if I fall asleep! Please!
Don't go!
Please!
Don't be so selfish.



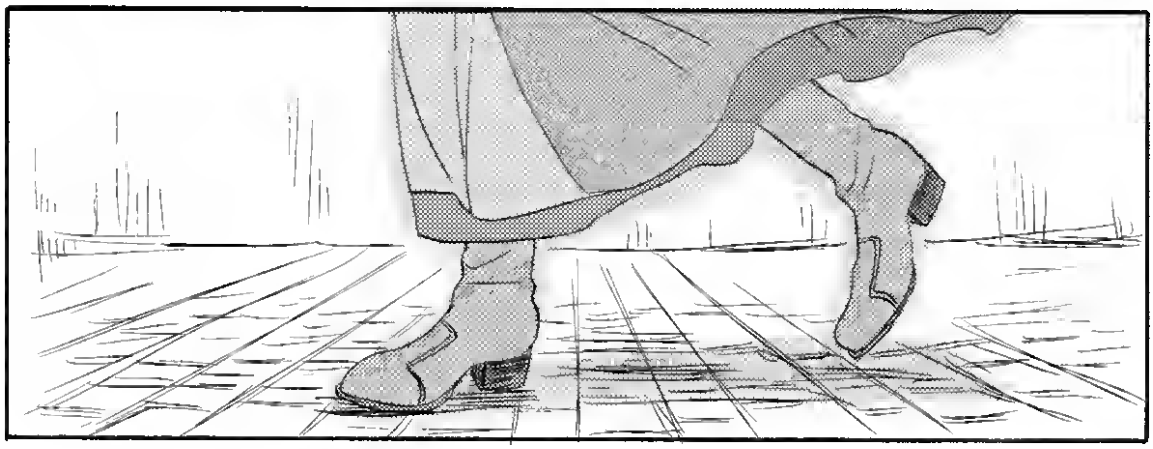
At that very mo-ment,
I shouldered the curse of never leaving her alone again

Was because she allowed me to.

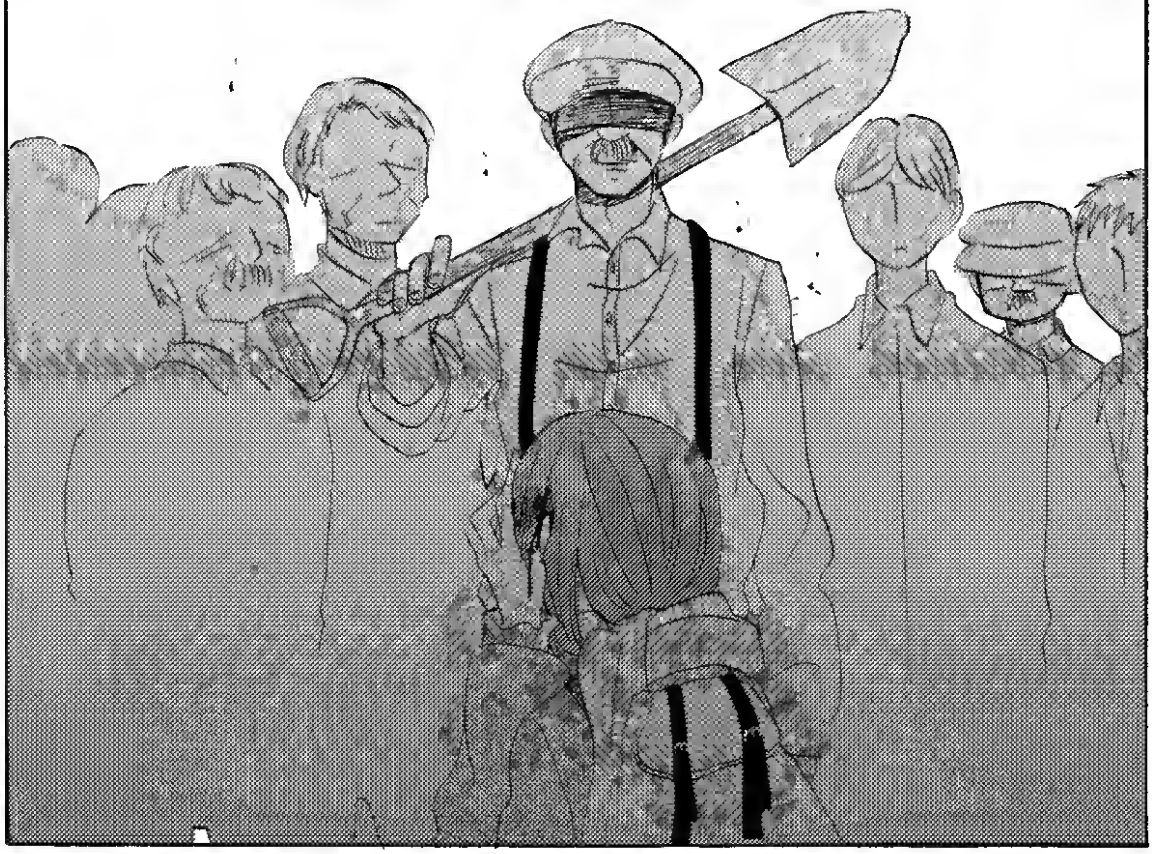

The reason that I could set foot in this lonely forest
that day I was lost now so long, long ago

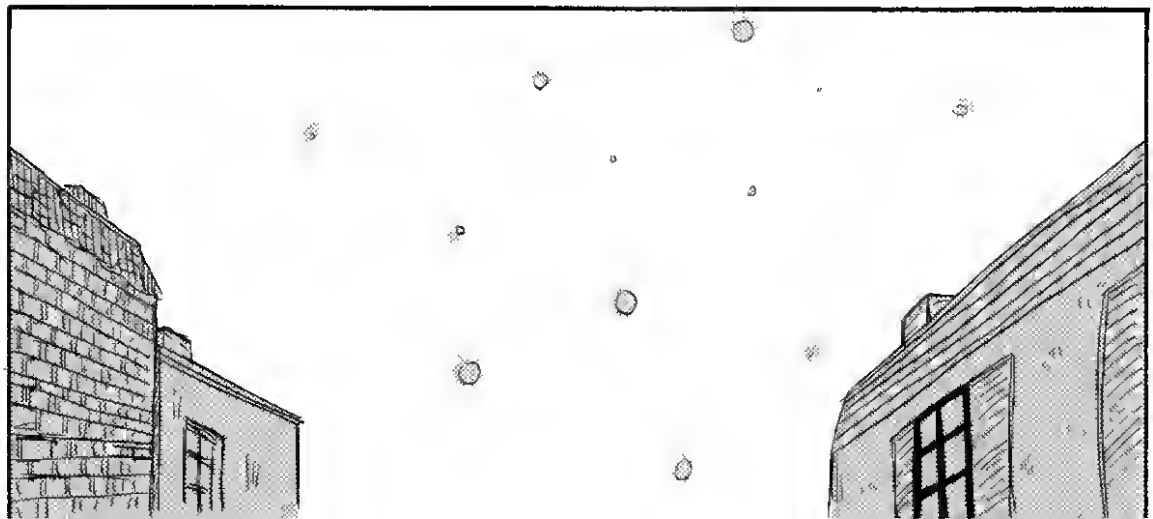

That is why I have to go
I cannot let her fall again into that sad, sad sleep

Thank you very much. Until next time.
Hold it.
We're not going to let you have your way any damn longer.



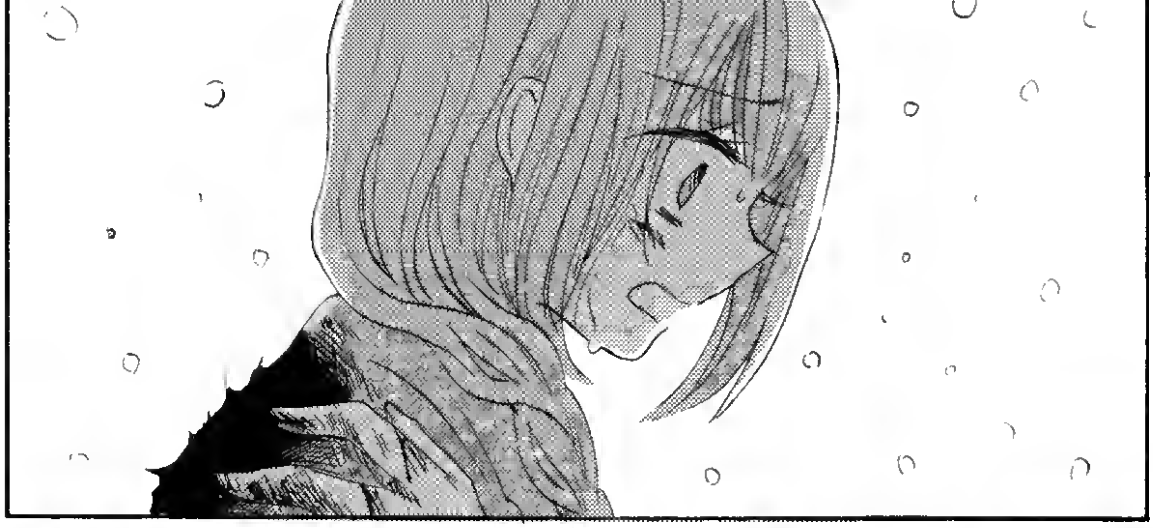
HEY WITCH!
GIVE ME BACK MY FAMILY!!

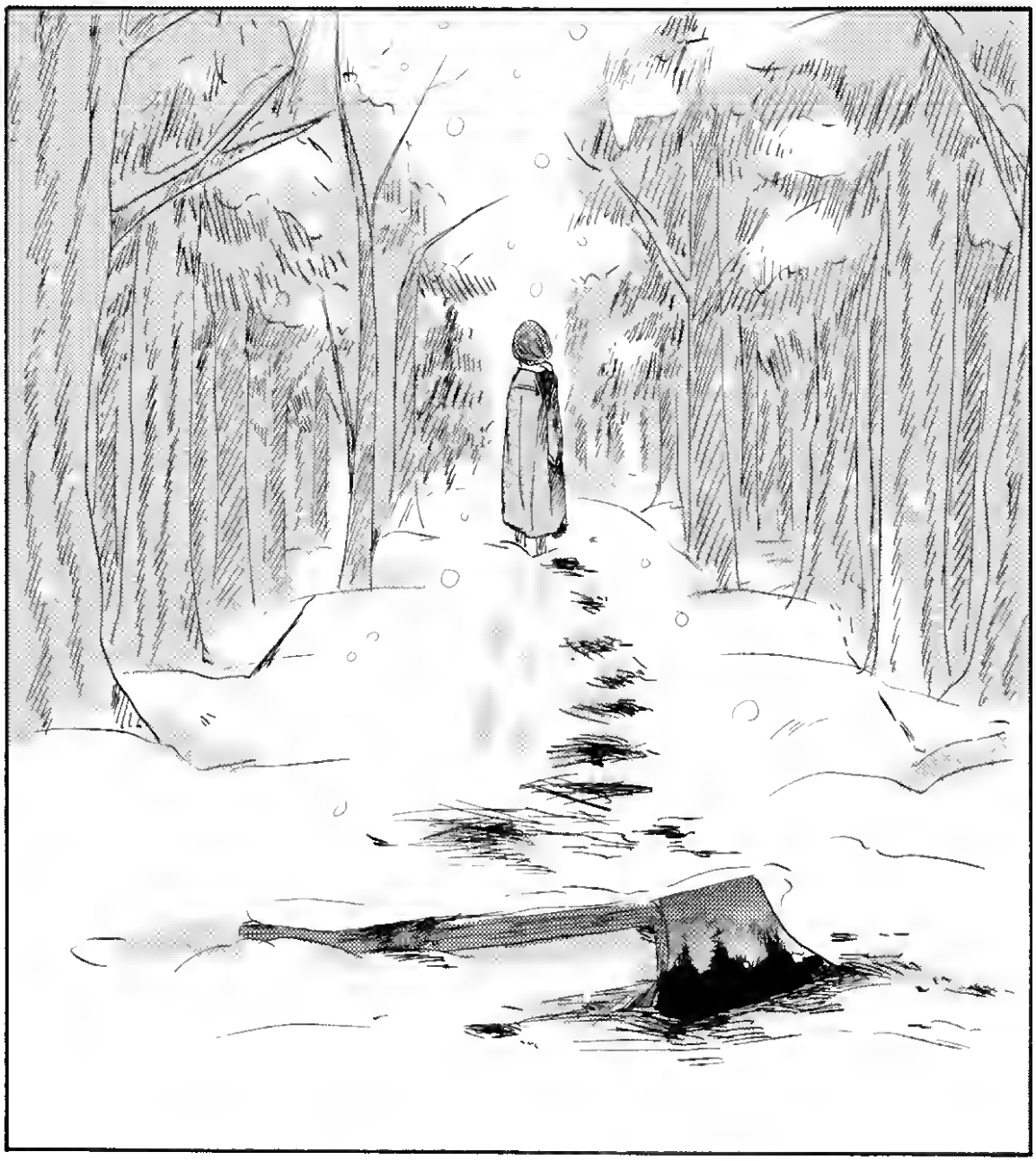




It's not natural.
Snow?! In the middle of August?!
AH! GET HER!!
It must be HER doing!!
Shit!
What's with all this accursed snow?!
My body won't move...

The entrance to the forest!
Now, I can...

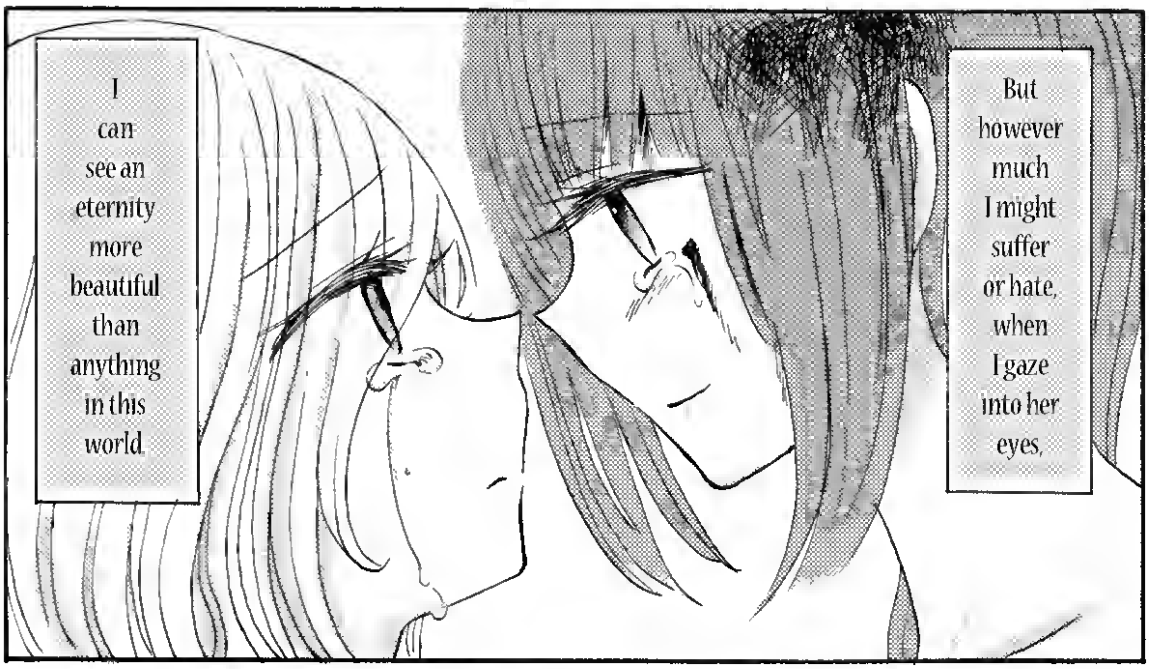




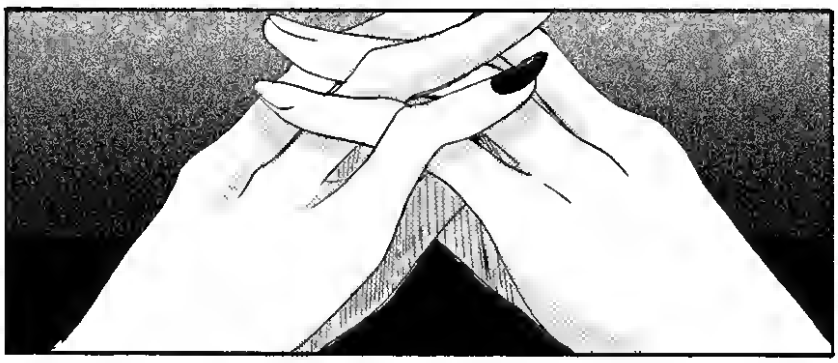
ボタッ
On my way back, I had this crazy fall, and...
Hahaha....
What a mess...
Things like this still hurt, huh?
Even if you're a witch,

Witches no longer have lives To be a witch is itself a curse
.....
Even when assailed by pain, by anguish, by agony so great we long with all our hearts to die we cannot die

My past, my future, my happiness as a person have all been stolen from me.
Though years on years might pass, my hatred for her won't ever go away.
She's just like a baby...
Hey!
Don't go away anymore! Just stay with me!
If I can be with you, even if I fall asleep and never wake up again, I won't ever be sad.
I love you!


I can see an eternity more beautiful than anything in this world.
But however much I might suffer or hate, when I gaze into her eyes,

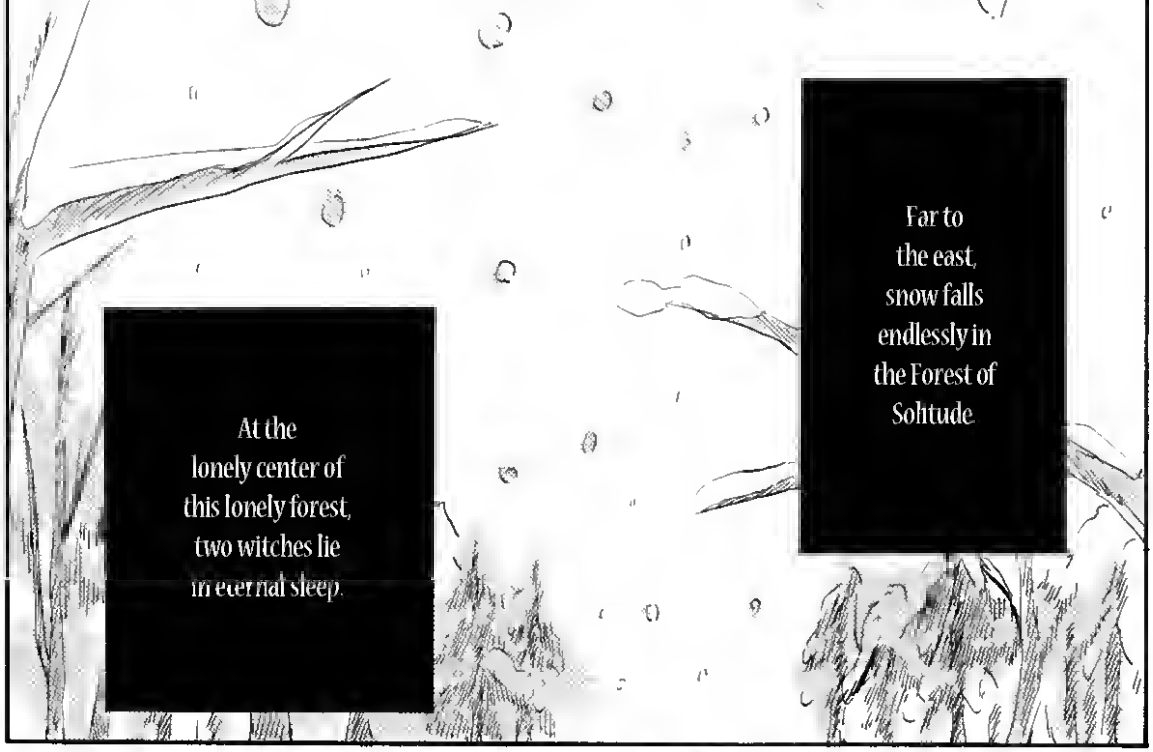
Or an illusion brought on by the curse of the witches, I can no longer tell



Whether this is the truth grasped by the last of my once-human heart

Snow fell on the forest and the village.

Their tears fell together.


Far to the east, snow falls endlessly in the Forest of Solitude.
At the lonely center of this lonely forest, two witches lie in eternal sleep.

The endless snow declines all. It envelops them. It protects them.
There are no more rights, nor wrongs, nor truths, nor lies. No hate.

Should their slumber continue for thousands of years,
they will feel no sadness

The witches gaze at each other with eyes of love.

孤独の森の魔女

This is Satoyoshi Huyou. I'm the co-author of this project and produced the first draft. This is my first joint collaboration. I decided to take this chance to challenge myself with a genre I don't normally work in and try penning a fantasy. This story is set in a variant of Medieval Europe. There are really all kinds of themes you can work on from that starting point. I'd love to explore their world view again sometime.

As I reread the plot, there are all kinds of points I'm not quite satisfied with. But thanks to Yatosaki-san's lovely drawings, I think we have produced something we can be proud of. Speaking of which, I've been a huge fan of Yatosaki-san ever since high school. I'm delighted that we've had this chance to be able to work together.

Thank you very much for taking the time to read Witches of the Forest of the Solitude. I am grateful from the bottom of my heart to Yatosaki-san for working with me.

Satoyoshi Huyou

My name is Yatosaki Haru. I'm the second co-author of this project.
This is the first time I've ever drawn a manga based on someone else's plot and rough draft. There were all these things in this story that I don't normally draw, and I found myself learning a lot from the experience.
The middle ages, witches, yuri... Satoyoshi-san wrote a wonderful story that was great fun to read!
Plus, it was especially fun for me to draw the black witch...

Ever since I saw Satoyoshi-san's manga on pixiv many years ago, I've been amazed at how Satoyoshi-san can imbue the women in his stories with such allure and shadow at the same time.

There are all kinds of points I'm a bit dissatisfied with, but I'm incredibly glad we were able to work on something together!

If we get the chance, let's work together again! Thank you, Satoyoshi-san!

Yatosaki Haru

孤独の森の魔女

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